

The Comickall Historie of

Por. Thou maist I warrant, we shall have old swearing
That they did give the Rings a way to men ;
But weel out-face them, and out-sweare them to :
Away, make haste, thou knowest where I will tarry.

Ner. Come good sir, will you shew me to this house.

Enter Lorenza and Iessica. (Exeunt.)

Lor. The Moone shines bright. In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kisse the trees,
And they did make no noyse, in such a night
Troylus me thinks mounted the *Trojan* walls,
And sigh'd his soule toward the *Grecian* tents,
Where *Cressed* lay that night.

Iessi. In such a night
Did *Thisbie* fearefully ore-trip the dew,
And saw the Lyons shadow ere himsele,
And ranne dismayed away.

Loren. In such a night
Stood *Dido* with a Willow in her hand
Upon the wilde sea bankes, and wait her Love
To come againe to *Carthage*.

Iessi. In such a night
Medea gathered the enchanted hearbs
That did renew old *Eson*.

Loren. In such a night
Did *Iessica* steale from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift Love did runne from *Venice*,
As farre as *Belmont*.

Iessi. In such a night
Did young *Lorenzo* sweare he lov'd her well,
Stealing her soule with many vowes of faith,
And nere a true one.

Loren. In such a night
Did pretty *Iessica* (like a little throw)
Slander her Love, and he forgave it her.

Iessi. I would out-night you did no body come :
But harke, I heare the footing of a man.

Enter a Messenger.

Loren. Who comes so fast in silence of the night ?

Messen. A

the Merchant

Messen. A friend.

Loren. A friend, what friend

Mess. *Stephano* is my name
My Mistresse will before the b
Be here at *Belmont*; she doth st
By holy crosses, where she kne
For happy wedlock houres.

Loren. Who comes with h

Mess. None but a holy Her
I pray you is my Master yet ret

Loren. He is not, nor we ha
But go we in I pray thee *Iessi*
And ceremoniously let us prep
Some welcome for the Mistres

Clown. Sola, sola, wo ha, ho

Loren. Who calls ?

Clown. Sola, did you see M. A

Loren. Leave hollowing ma

Clown. Sola, where, where ?

Loren. Heere.

Clown. Tell him there's a Po
horne full of good newes, my
sweet soule.

Loren. Let's in, and there exp
And yet no matter : why shoul
My friend *Stephen*, signifie I pra
Within the houle, your Mistre
And bring your musique foorth
How sweet the moon-light fle
Here will we sit, and let the sou
Creepe in our eares tof stillness
Become the tutches of sweet h
Sit *Iessica*, looke how the floor
Is thick inlayed with pattens o
There's not the smallest orbe w
But in his motion like an Ange
Still quiring to the young-eyed
Such harmony is in immortall f